DE DUDITEZA

Jack Hazzard, Prociest Knight and A. Baldwin Stones have the right idea-also the write idea. Hethe actors, comedians, dancers, composers, librettiate and so forth, they have created a musicul country so arranged that there is a nice part in it for each of them. As though that weren't feat enough they have induced William Harris jr. to become its producer. Rehearsals will begin about Oct. I and the barrier will fly up about a month later out on the road somewhere,

It ien't every day that three men can alt down and write themselves into jobs at the same time including the little matter of royalty in the coneral arrangement. Mr. Hazzard to the author of that immortal poem,

ELSIE JANIS IN TROUSERS. Mark Luescher writes from Roches-ter to say that Eisie Janis's new play is a novelty. Miss Janis does no imitations but she essays seven different roles, one of them being in male at-tire. "The show," concludes Mr. Lucscher, "has everything comedy, farce, meiodrama, musical comedy and Melville Ellis."

WILSTACH'S JOKE. "By buckleberry!" said Frank Wils-tach, general press representative of the Shubert interests, "I originated a joke once and I think it's a cracker-jack."

"You originated a joke?" we asked.
"I certainly did and it's so good it's been stolen for three musical com-

dies."
"Hush, now!"
"It's a fact."
"What's the joke?"
"Aw. I don't want to repeat it."
"Come on now—tell it!"
"Naw!"
"Frank, you tell that joke!"

Frank, you tell that joke!" "All right. I meet an actor on the street and the following conversation ensues: 'Matinee idol?' 'Yes.' 'Idle?' Yes. Great, eh?" Seems too bad, doesn't it?

A DOOLITTLE LULLABY.

Eliabelie Mae Doolittle, the Leen-ville poetess, has written a lullaby and has sent it to us with full permission to use it. Speaking of newspaper "beats"—well! Here's the lullaby:

Go to sleep, my little balsy.

The Sandman is here so cuts.
Mother will grand you like a bawk.
The father may be cut on a tood.
Day's ery about anything at all.
Escha-bys on the tree-top.
Rue Manua good night with little month.
Rueh now or Manua will call a cop.

by sister's child. Themer Ricketia, Pulled Buddr's chair from under him, Pulled Buddr's chair from under him, I was a mean thing to have done for him, Biser, baby, sheep Now you hush! Steuse me, but I must conclude this, it's time I fried the evening much.

ES THE PEOPLE MAY KNOW. W. R. Sill announces that the Queer Quad is the latest addition to "Town Topics." The Queer Quad is Topics." The Queer Quad is a grace-ful dynaphonosis discovered by Mr. Wayburn singing in a turnip factory in Goohawiis, Ia.

"Back Home" will begin rehearsing Monday.

Texas Guinan is to bust out in the

r. George Stone, are preparing a vaudeville act.
Ruth Chatterton and "Daddy Long-Legs" will begin a tour of the largerities of the East at Buffalo Monday.
Rose Stahl is looking for a new play. She may be seen this season

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

homas Gill, a Brooklyn tenor, tes us to ask if "Tipperary" could FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE. "My son who is in the army was sung in the language of the Filinos. It could. We take pleasure in "How was that?" "How was that?" "How was standing on the river bank topping his foot as he sings it and his Captain yelled, 'Eall in!"















"'S'MATTER, POP!"



BUT LUCKILY I TURNED OVER A POTRTO AN FOUND MY STEAM

NO SUCH STEAMS IN CALIFORNIA BUT YOU'VE GOT TA HUMOR THE OLD BOY!

By C. M. Payne 1 FETCHED ONE ALONG FER A SOUVENIR

"Ain't it Awful, Mabel?" Mr. Knight is a comedian of much more force than his front name would indicate, and Mr. Sloane is one of the best foot workers that ever trotted a salary out of vaudeville.

FLOOEY AND AXEL—That N. U. T. Stock Was Indeed "Active." In Fact, TERRIBLY Active!

HELLO - HELLO SENATOR! ACTIVITY! I GUESS YES! THIS IS FLOORY TALKING - C WHY - IT JUMPED FROM BOUP









KITTY KEYS - Somehow or Other Our Sympathy Goes Out to the Poor Autoist!





THE BIG STIFFS ME DAMAGES HE HAS- ILL 'CAUSE -



TUMBLE TOM—The Wife of Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater, Lends Him Her Husband's Hobby-Horse.

Elizabeth Mayne are preparing.

Elizabeth Mayne are preparing.



Bump! Into Bylowland Tom fell when he closed his sleepy eyes. He was filled with determination to bring Black Spider to the feet of frightened Little Miss Muffet, like warriors bold in days of old brought

Herbert Gee has taken charge of the Opera House and is making things whiz.—Gleason, Ky., Sentinei.



Crossing a field, Tom lumbled over the pumpkin shell in which Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater, kept his wife. Small wonder Peter now keeps her very well, she was so crammed into the small yellow shell that she could hardly move. To this good lady Tom told his troubles. And she replied:

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"Go to my husband's barn and mount the little Hobby Horse. He is a dapple gray; his mane is made of pea straw, his tall is made of hay." Tom did straightway as she had bidden and galloped fast away.

He reached the front steps of the mill upon whose glant wheel Black Spider sat and spun his web in the cool shadow. Lifting the little gun from the saddle, Tom was about to dismount when "Bow, wow, wow!" out rushed Tommy Tinker's dog and frightened Dap-ple Hobby Horse. "Bow, wow, wow!" Clianoe Johonsin Hobby galloped at a pace that tumbled Tom into the Land of Wide Awake. Once more his Bylowland hunt for the Black Spider had been in vain .-

By Eleanor Schorer



'speed demon' who had been making great records



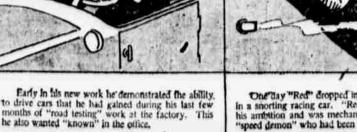
"Red" was bursting with good news. "We've got two cars entered in the big race next month," he said, "and I'm to drive one of them! Chuck this grubbing along and I'll break you in as my mechanician—what



But Dick shook his head. "Thanks, old man," he replied, "but I've got a toe hold here I wouldn't give up for the Presidency of the United States," "Red" went away mumbling something about "chucking a great chance," but Dick only smiled to himself-Continued

DICK'S UPHILL ROAD-No. 10-The Second Rung.

This new JoB—although he could have made more money had he accepted that assistant foremanship at the factory—Dick regarded as the second rung in the fadder leading toward his ultimate goal.



One day "Red" dropped in to see Him, tooling up in a snorting racing car. "Red" had realized part of his amottion and was mechanician to a well known